THE

POLYANTHOS.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *JOHN WINTHROP, ESQ.* FIRST GOVERNOUR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE worthy subject of the following memoir was descended from a family, remarkable for its attachment to the reformed religion. His grandfather, Adam Winthrop, was a lawyer and lover of the gospel in the reign of Henry VIII. and brother to a memorable friend of the reformation in the reign of Mary I. His father, Adam Winthrop, was a gentleman of the same profession and character.

JOHN WINTHROP was born at Groton in Suffolk, June 12, 1587, and was bred to the law, though he had a strong inclination to theological studies. At the age of eighteen he was made a justice of the peace, and his virtues became conspicuous. He was exem-

plary in his profession as an upright and impartial magistrate, and in his private character as a christian. He had wisdom to discern, and fortitude to do right in the execution of his office; and as a gentleman, was remarkable for liberality and hospitality. These qualities rendered him dear to men of sobriety and religion, and fitted him to engage in the great and difficult work of founding a colony.

When the design of settling a colony in New-England was by some eminent persons undertaken, this gentleman was, by the consent of all, chosen for their leader. Having converted a fine estate of six or seven hundred pounds sterling per annum into money, he embarked for New-England in the forty-third year of his age, and arrived at Salem with the Massachusetts charter, June 12, 1630. Within five days, he, with some of the principal persons of the colony, travelled through the woods twenty miles, to look out a convenient situation for a town in some part of the Bay of Massachusetts. Some of them built their huts on the north side of Charles river, (Charlestown) but the governour and most of the assistants settled on the peninsula of Shawmut, which was finally determined upon for the metropolis, and named Boston.

The three following years he was continued by annual election at the head of the government, for which office he was emi-

nently qualified, and in which he shone with a lustre that would have done him honour in a larger sphere and a more elevated situation. He was the father as well as governour of an infant plantation. His time, his study, his exertions, his influence, and his interest were all employed in the publick service. His wisdom, patience, and magnanimity, were conspicuous in the most severe trials, and his exemplary behaviour as a christian added a splendour to all his rare qualifications. He maintained the dignity of a governour with the obliging condescension of a gentleman, and was so deservedly respected and beloved, that when Archbishop Laud, hearkening to some calumnies raised against the country on account of their puritan principles, summoned one Mr. Cleaves before King Charles I. in hopes of getting some accusation against the governour, he gave such an account of his laudable deportment in his station, and withal of the devotion with which prayers were made, both in private and publick, for the King, that Charles expressed his concern, that so worthy a person as Mr. Winthrop should be no better accommodated than in an American wilderness.

He was an example to the people of that frugality, decency, and temperance, which were necessary in their circumstances, and even denied himself many of the elegancies and superfluities of life, which his rank and

fortune gave him a just title to enjoy, both that he might set them a proper example, and be the better enabled to exercise that liberality in which he delighted, even, in the end, to the actual impoverishment of himself and his family. He would often send his servants on some errand, at meal-times, to the houses of his neighbours, to see how they were provided with food; and if there was a deficiency, would supply them from his own table. The following singular instance of his charity, mixed with humour, will give us an idea of the man. In a very severe winter, when wood began to be scarce in Boston, he received private information, that a neighbour was wont to help himself from the pile at his door. "Does he," said the governour, "call him to me, and I will take a course with him that shall cure him of stealing." The man appeared, and the governour addressed him thus. "Friend, it is a cold winter, and I hear you are meanly provided with wood; you are welcome to help yourself at my pile till the winter is over." And then merrily asked his friend whether he had not put a stop to the man's stealing?

In the administration of justice he was for tempering the severity of law with the exercise of mercy. He judged that in the infancy of a plantation, justice should be administered with more lenity than in a settled state. But when other gentlemen of learn-

ing and influence had taken offence at his lenity, and adopted an opinion that a stricter discipline was necessary, he submitted to their judgment, and strictly adhered to the proposals which were made to support the dignity of government, by an appearance of union and firmness, and a concealment of differences and dissensions among the publick officers.

In the year 1634, and the two years following, he was left out of the magistracy, but was again elected in 1637.

Humility and steady equality of mind were conspicuous in his behaviour, when a pretence was raised to get him left out of the government, lest by the two frequent choice of one man the office should cease to be elective, and seem to be his by prescription. An instance of this rare temper, and the happy fruit of it, deserves remembrance. There was a time when he received a very angry letter from a member of the court, which, having read, he delivered back to the messenger, with this answer, "I am not willing to keep by me such a matter of provocation." Shortly after, the writer of this letter was compelled by the scarcity of provision to send to buy one of the governour's cattle; he begged him to accept it as a gift, in token of his good will. On which the gentleman came to him with this acknowledgment—"Sir, your overcoming yourself hath overcome me."

The fathers of New-England, in justification of their severity toward those who dissented from them, maintained that all men had liberty to do *right*, but no liberty to do *wrong*. However true this principle may be in point of morality, yet in matters of opinion, in modes of faith, worship, and ecclesiastical order, the question is, who shall be the judge of right and wrong? and it is too evident from their conduct, that they supposed the power of judging to be in those who were vested with authority; a principle destructive of liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment, and big with all the horrours of persecution. The exercise of such authority they condemned in the high church party, who had oppressed them in England; and yet, such is the frailty of human nature, they held the same principles, and practised the same oppressions on those who dissented from them. Winthrop, before he left England, was of a more catholick spirit than some of his brethren; after he had come to America, he fell in with the reigning principle of intolerancy, which almost all the *Reformers* unhappily retained, as a relick of the persecuting church from which they had separated. But as he advanced in life, he resumed his former moderation; and in the time of his last sickness, when Dudley, the deputy-governour, pressed him to sign an order for the banishment of a person deemed heterodox, he refused, saying

that "he had done *too much* of that work already."

Having devoted the greatest part of his interest to the service of the publick, and suffered many losses by accidents, and by leaving the management of his private affairs to unfaithful servants, whilst his whole time and attention were employed in the publick business, his fortune was so much impaired, that some years before his death, he was obliged to sell the most of his estate for the payment of an accumulated debt. He also met with much affliction in his family, having buried three wives and six children. These troubles, joined to the opposition and ill treatment, which he frequently met with from some of the people, so preyed upon his nature, already much worn by the toils and hardships of planting a colony in a wilderness, that he perceived a decay of his faculties seven years before he reached his grand climacterick, and often spoke of his approaching dissolution, with a calm resignation to the will of heaven. At length, when he had entered the sixty-third year of his age, a fever occasioned by a cold, after one month's confinement, put an end to his life on the 26th of March, 1649.

The picture of Governour Winthrop is preserved in the state-house of Massachusetts, with those of other ancient governours. The house in which he lived remained till 1775, when, with many other old

wooden buildings, it was pulled down by the British troops for fuel. He kept an exact journal of the occurrences and transactions in the colony during his residence in it. This journal was of great service to several historians, particularly Hubbard, Mather, and Prince. It is still in possession of the Connecticut branch of his family, and was published at Hartford in 1790. It affords a more exact and circumstantial detail of events within that period, than any compilation which has been or can be made from it; the principles and conduct of this truly great and good man therein appear in the light in which he himself viewed them; while his abilities for the arduous station which he held, the difficulties which he had to encounter, and his fidelity in business, are displayed with that truth and justice in which they ought to appear.

He had five sons living at his decease, all of whom, notwithstanding the reduction of his fortune, acquired and possessed large property, and were persons of eminence. Many of his posterity have borne respectable characters, and filled some of the principal places of trust and usefulness.

[*The preceding Memoir is extracted from* "American Biography," *by the Rev. J. Belknap, to which the reader is referred for a more particular account of Governour Winthrop, and a history of the events connected with his life and publick administration*....Edit.]

DRAMATICK BIOGRAPHY.

SOME ACCOUNT OF GELLERT.

When Gellert first attained celebrity, the literature of Germany had attracted little notice from the rest of Europe: its authors were then, much more even than at present, exuberant in words, spreading them over paper, and teaching little that had the least claim to originality. They seemed to delight in the prattling of childhood, or garrulity in which old age indulges itself, to the great annoyance of listeners.

Gellert was among those men of a more improved taste, the number of whom, during his life, began greatly to increase; till at present, Germany holds a distinguished rank in the republick of letters: nay, among its *own writers of inferiour genius*, it *now* repeatedly, vainly, and absurdly, claims an absolute pre-eminence. Its progress has indeed been great; but much greater tasks must yet be performed, before this proud claim can with justice be recognized.

Born in the year 1715, at Haynichen, a small town in Upper Saxony, the son of a clergyman who had thirteen children, Gellert first went to school in his native place; where he could have learned little, had he not been assisted by his father. Here however he wrote for lawyers to obtain money, and in his thirteenth year composed his first

poem on the birth-day of his father. In 1729, he went to Meissen; at which place there is one of those seminaries called *Fürsten-schulen*, or Electoral Schools, in Saxony. Here however he could make but little progress, in the acquirement of ideas, or taste; for though the classicks were *read* their merits *were not felt*; the dead letter, and not the spirit of these writers was studied; and no author thought of cultivating his mother tongue.

At this school, however, Gellert became acquainted with Gaertner and Rabner; which acquaintance soon increased into friendship for life.

At fifteen, Gellert went to the university at Leipsick, to study divinity, where he heard the famous Hoffman lecture on philosophy; at whose profound researches he greatly wondered, though, as he afterward owned, he little understood them.

In four years time he returned to his father, and began to exercise the clerical office, but without inclination.

After living some time with a noble family in Dresden, as *hofmeister*, or first gentleman, he returned home, and during two years became tutor to his sister's son; with whom, in 1741, he went back to Leipsick, partly to instruct the youth, partly himself, and again to hear his admired Hoffman, but who died at that period.

During this part of his life, he appears to have laid the foundation of his fine knowledge

of the human heart, his pure taste, and his excellent and pleasant style.

The author, in whose works he most studied, read aloud, and translated for his improvement, was Cicero. Rollin in the French, and in English the Spectator, were likewise his favourites; while an intercourse with his well-informed friends, particularly *Gaertner* and *Elias Schlegel*, greatly assisted his progress.

About that time Gellert published his fables, in *Die Belustigungen des Verstandes und Witzes* [a periodical work, which appeared in the year 1742]; which, *on their first appearance*, were universally applauded.

On his second arrival at Leipsick, he gave private lessons, and, finding his facility and love of study increase, dedicated himself entirely to letters; for he took but little delight in the clerical profession. In 1744, he by general consent became a publick teacher, and lectured *on eloquence and poetry*. In the same year we find him one of the association of young poets, who published a work, at Bremen, under the title of *Beiträge*; and in the following year a collection of his fables first appeared, by which he rendered immortal honour to, and promoted the good taste of, Germany.

This period of his life, till the year 1751, was especially marked by activity of mind; those hypochondriack affections, by which it was afterward so much embittered, not hav-

ing yet appeared. Then it was that his *Fables*, *Dramatick Works*, *Life of a Swedish Countess*, *Essays in Prose*, *Collection of Letters*, *Moral Poems*, *Religious Odes*, and *Lyrical Performances*, were written.

This noble-minded and active man, though almost oppressed by external cares, incessant labour, and the decline of a weak constitution, after continual intercourse with the young students, who by his instruction, and after his example, became an honour to Germany, yes, the services of this man of genius were at length recollected by the court; and in 1751 a professorship in philosophy was given him, with an annual stipend of a hundred dollars! about *sixteen pounds sterling*. During the seven years' war, however, this pittance was no longer paid; and the envoy *of a foreign nation*—an Englishman, Mr. Mitchel, who had read his writings, exerted himself that his pension might be restored. Afterward indeed, toward the end of his life, a pension more worthy of his merits was allowed.

From private persons, Gellert received many proofs of gratitude and good-will: One wintry day, a Saxon peasant came to Leipsick with a cart load of wood, stopped at the door of Gellert, and asked him if he was not the gentleman who made such fine fables? Hearing it was him, the man leapt for joy, made many excuses for being so free, and begged he would accept the wood in

return for the pleasure the countryman had received. The King of Prussia thus describes him in a letter: This blunt Gellert is really an able man. Like the owl, he cannot easily be drawn from his retreat; but, having him, he becomes a mild and cheerful philosopher, acute, original, and no imitator. His heart is melting; candour and truth are on his lips, and equity and humanity are painted on his forehead: yet, the moment four persons are present, he becomes embarrassed, and, when the babbling begins, timid, confused, melancholy, forgetful, and silent. Prince Henry honoured him, and sent him a horse, that he had taken at the battle of Freiburg. Gellert was himself one of the kindest and most friendly of men. He died December 13th, 1769. Germany lamented his loss, and wept at his death.

His writings were, *Tales and Fables: Dramatick Pieces: The Life of a Swedish Countess*, a novel: *Letters to various Persons: Moral Poems: Religious Odes*, and *Lyrical Poems: Essays in Prose:* and these were all collected and published by himself.

Five posthumous volumes afterward appeared. [*Theatrical Recorder.*]

ACCOUNT OF BIAS.

[*From Fenelon's Lives of the Ancient Philosophers.*]

Bias of Prienè a small town of Caria, was in great repute in Greece, under the reigns of Halyattes and Crœsus, kings of Lydia, from the 40th Olympiad till his death. He was an excellent citizen and very disinterested; acute as a politician, and accomplished as a gentleman. Though born to great riches, he lived in a plain manner. He expended his fortune in relieving the needy. He was esteemed the most eloquent orator of his time; and desirous to reap no other advantage, than that of glory to his country. He employed his skill in that art, in defending the poor, and the distressed. He never undertook any cause which he did not believe to be just. Hence it became proverbial, all over the country, when one meant that a cause was good, to say, that it was *one which Bias would have undertaken.* And when they intended to give the highest praise to an orator: *He succeeded better than even Bias himself.*

It happened, on one occasion, that pirates landed in the Peloponnesus, near Messenè, and carried off several young women, whom they came to sell at Prienè. Bias purchased them; brought them to his own house; maintained them as his own children; gave

presents to them all, and sent them back to their friends. Such reputation did he acquire by this generous action, that he was, by many, styled, *The Prince of the wise men.*

Halyattes, king of Lydia, having destroyed several cities of Asiatick Greece, laid siege to Prienè. Bias was then chief magistrate of the city; and, for a long time, made a vigorous resistance. But, as Halyattes seemed determined to pursue his enterprise to the end; and, besides, as the city was reduced to extreme misery, by want of provisions; Bias caused two beautiful mules to be fattened, and to be driven towards the enemy's camp, as if they had escaped from the inhabitants of Prienè. Halyattes, seeing these animals in so good plight, was afraid he would not be able to take the place by famine. He found a pretence for sending a man into the city. To this person, he secretly gave orders to mark the situation of the besieged. Bias entertained strong suspicions of Halyattes's design. He caused great heaps of sand to be covered with wheat; and so dexterously did he manage the affair, that the deputy of Halyattes surveyed this great abundance without ever suspecting it feigned. Deceived by this trick, Halyattes resolved immediately to raise the siege. He made an alliance with the inhabitants of Prienè, and left them in peace.—Being curious to see Bias, he sent him an invitation to visit him in his camp. Bias delivered the

following answer to the deputies who were sent on this occasion: "Tell your king that I remain here, and that I command him to eat roots, and to weep during the rest of his life."

Bias took great pleasure in poetry. He composed above 2000 verses, in which were delivered precepts, teaching men, in every situation, how to live happily; and showing how a republick might be properly governed, during peace and war.

He was one day asked, What it was that flattered men most? "It is hope," he replied. What it was that pleased them most?—"Gain." What it was, which was most difficult to bear?—"A reverse of fortune." He used to say, that a man who could not suffer the misfortunes which befel him, was, indeed, very unfortunate.

He was once in a ship with some impious persons. There arose a furious tempest, so that the vessel was every moment expected to go to the bottom. Terrified at the prospect of death, these impious persons began to invoke the gods. "Be silent," said Bias to them, "for if they perceive that you are here, we are all inevitably lost." On another occasion, he was asked by an impious person, What was the worship which was due to the gods? Bias made no reply. Being urged to give a reason for his silence, he answered: "It is because you are asking about things, in which you have no concern."

He used to say, that he liked much better to be an arbitrator between two enemies, than between two friends; because one never failed to fall out with that friend who had been found in the wrong; but that in the case of enemies, a man might make up matters with him, in whose favour the decision had been pronounced.

Bias was one day obliged to judge in the case of a friend, who was found worthy of capital punishment. Before the sentence was pronounced, he began to weep before the whole senate. "Why do you weep," said one to him, "since you alone have the power of condemning or acquitting the criminal?" —"I weep," answered Bias, "because nature obliges me to compassionate the unfortunate; and the law commands me not to regard the emotions of nature."

Nothing that depends on fortune, was ever reckoned by Bias among real blessings. He deemed riches merely playthings, with which one might amuse himself in inconsiderate ease; but which frequently served no other purpose, than to turn men aside from the path of virtue.

He happened to be in Priene, the place of his birth, when that unfortunate city was taken and sacked. All the citizens carried off what they could; and fled where they expected to deposite securely what they had thus saved. Bias alone, as if insensible to the misfortunes of his country, remained

without emotion, tranquil amid all the desolation of his native city. He was asked by one, Why he did not, like the rest, think of saving something?—"So I do," replied Bias, "for I carry my all with me."

The action, by which his days were terminated, was no less illustrious than those of his former life. He caused himself to be carried into the senate, where he zealously defended the interest of one of his friends. Being now very old, it fatigued him much. He leaned his head on the breast of one of his daughter's sons, who had accompanied him. When the orator, who pleaded for his opponent, had finished his discourse, the judges pronounced in favour of Bias, who immediately expired in the arms of his grandson.

The city gave him a pompous funeral; and testified extreme sorrow for his death. A superb monument was erected to his memory, on which were engraven these words:—"Priene was the native country of Bias, who was once the ornament of Ionia, and whose maxims are more exalted, than those of the other philosophers."'

In such veneration was his memory held, that a temple was dedicated to him, in which the inhabitants of Priene paid him extraordinary honours.

PARTICULARS OF THE ASSASSINATION OF PAUL, LATE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

[*From Carr's Northern Summer.*]

It was the custom of the emperor to sleep in an outer apartment next to the empress's, upon a sofa, in his regimentals and boots, whilst the grand duke and duchess, and the rest of the imperial family, were lodged at various distances, in the apartments below the story which he occupied. On the 10th day of March, O. S. 1801, the day preceding the fatal night, whether Paul's apprehension, or anonymous information, suggested the idea, is not known, but conceiving that a storm was ready to burst upon him, he sent to Count P——, the governour of the city, one of the noblemen who had resolved on his destruction: "I am informed, P——," said the emperor, "that there is a conspiracy on foot against me; do you think it necessary to take any precaution?" The Count, without betraying the least emotion, replied, "Sire, do not suffer such apprehensions to haunt your mind; if there were any combination forming against your majesty's person, I am sure I should be acquainted with it." "Then I am satisfied," said the emperor, and the governour withdrew. Before Paul retired to rest, he unexpectedly expressed the most tender solicitude for the empress

and his children, kissed them with all the warmth of fare-well fondness, and remained with them longer than usual; and after he had visited the centinels at their different posts, he retired to his chamber, where he had not long remained, before, under some colourable pretext, that satisfied the men, the guard was changed by the officers who had the command for the night, and were engaged in the confederacy. An hussar, whom the emperor had particularly honoured by his notice and attention, always at night slept at his bed-room door, in the anti-room. It was impossible to remove this faithful soldier by any fair means. At this momentous period, silence reigned throughout the palace, except where it was disturbed by the pacing of the centinels, or at a distance by the murmurs of the Neva, and only a few lights were to be seen distantly and irregularly gleaming through the windows of this dark colossal abode. In the dead of the night, Z—— and his friends, amounting to eight or nine persons, passed the draw-bridge, easily ascended the stair-case which led to Paul's chamber, and met with no resistance till they reached the anti-room, when the faithful hussar, awakened by the noise, challenged them, and presented his fusee: much as they must have all admired the brave fidelity of the guard, neither time nor circumstances would admit of an act of generosity, which might have endangered the whole

plan. Z—— drew his sabre and cut the poor fellow down. Paul, awakened by the noise, sprung from his sofa: at this moment the whole party rushed into his room; the unhappy Sovereign, anticipating their design, at first endeavoured to entrench himself in the chairs and tables, then recovering he assumed a high tone, told them they were his prisoners, and called upon them to surrender. Finding they fixed their eyes steadily and fiercely upon him, and continued advancing towards him, he implored them to spare his life, declared his consent instantly to relinquish the sceptre, and to accept of any terms which they would dictate. In his raving, he offered to make them princes, and to give them estates, and titles, and orders, without end. They now began to press upon him, when he made a convulsive effort to reach the window: in the attempt he failed, and indeed so high was it from the ground, that had he succeeded, the expedient would only have put a more instantaneous period to his misery. In the effort he very severely cut his hand with the glass; and as they drew him back he grasped a chair, with which he felled one of the assailants, and a desperate resistance took place. So great was the noise, that, notwithstanding the massy walls, and thick double folding-doors, which divided the apartments, the empress was disturbed, and began to cry for help, when a voice whispered in her ear, and im-

peratively told her to remain quiet, otherwise, if she uttered another word, she would be put to instant death. Whilst the emperor was thus making a last struggle, the Prince Y—— struck him on one of his temples with his fist, and laid him upon the floor; Paul, recovering from the blow, again implored his life; at this moment the heart of P— Z— relented, and upon being observed to tremble and hesitate, a young Hanoverian resolutely exclaimed, "We have passed the Rubicon: if we spare his life, before the setting of to-morrow's sun we shall be his victims!" Upon which he took off his sash, turned it twice round the neck of the emperor, and giving one end to Z——, and holding the other himself, they pulled for a considerable time with all their force, until their miserable sovereign was no more; they then retired from the palace without the least molestation, and returned to their respective homes. What occurred after their departure can be better conceived than depicted: medical aid was resorted to, but in vain, and upon the breathless body of the emperor fell the tears of his widowed empress and children, and domesticks; nor was genuine grief ever more forcibly or feelingly displayed than by him on whose brow this melancholy event had planted the crown.

THE LANGUAGE OF PASSION.

AMONG the particulars that compose the social part of our nature, a propensity to communicate our opinions, our emotions, and every thing that affects us, is remarkable. Bad fortune and injustice affect us greatly; and of these we are so prone to complain, that if we have no friend nor acquaintance to take part in our sufferings, we sometimes utter our complaints aloud, even where there are none to listen.

But this propensity operates not in every state of mind. A man immoderately grieved, seeks to afflict himself, rejecting all consolation: immoderate grief accordingly is mute; complaining is struggling for consolation.

It is the wretch's comfort still to have
Some small reserve of near and inward woe,
Some unsuspected hoard of inward grief,
Which they unseen may wail and weep and mourn,
And glutton-like alone devour.

Mourning Bride.

When grief subsides, it then, and no sooner, finds a tongue: we complain, because complaining is an effort to disburden the mind of its distress.

This observation is finely illustrated by a story which Herodotus records, b. 3. Cam-

byses, when he conquered Egypt, made Psammenitus, the king, prisoner; and, for trying his constancy, ordered his daughter to be dressed in the habit of a slave, and to be employed in bringing water from the river; his son was also led to execution with a halter about his neck. The Egyptians vented their sorrows in tears and lamentations. Psammenitus only, with a downcast eye, remained silent. Afterwards meeting with one of his companions, a man advanced in years, who, being plundered of all, was begging alms, he wept bitterly, calling him by his name.—Cambyses, struck with wonder, demanded an answer to the following question: "Psammenitus, thy master, Cambyses, is desirous to know why, after thou hadst seen thy daughter so ignominiously treated, and thy son led to execution, without exclaiming or weeping, thou shouldst be so highly concerned for a poor man, no way related to thee?" Psammenitus returned the following answer: "Son of Cyrus, the calamities of my family are too great to leave me the power of weeping: but the misfortunes of a companion, reduced in his old age to want of bread, is a fit subject for lamentation."

(*Monthly Mirror.*)

THE DUTIES OF MARRIED FEMALES.

"NEGLECT not," says an author, "the little arts of endearment, but let the charm which captivated the *lover*, secure the attachment of the husband." This sentiment is very well expressed in a song written by Garrick, and has been introduced in the character of *Widow Belmour*, in Murphy's excellent comedy of *The Way to keep him*, and although the majority of our female readers must recollect it, we are certain that a moral precept so elegantly conveyed, can never satiate; therefore we insert it.

THE SONG.

Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore
That a lover once blest is a lover no more,
Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be taught
That prudence must cherish what beauty has caught.

The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,
Your roses and lilies may make the men sigh,
But roses and lilies and sighs pass away,
And passions will die as your beauties decay.

Use the man that you wed like your fav'rite guittar.
Tho' musick in both, they are both apt to jar,
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch,
Not handled too roughly, nor played on too much.

The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand,
Grow tame by your kindness, and come at command;
Exert with your husband the same happy skill,
For hearts, like young birds, may be tam'd to your will.

Be gay and good humour'd, complying and kind.
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:

'Tis there that a wife may her conquests improve,
And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of Love.

The motions of a passion founded on esteem and love are regular and lasting; its elegance consists in purity, and its transports are the result of virtue and reason. The three great pillars, that are the support of virginity, are virtue, innocence, and modesty. Nothing is more spotless, for the least speck is visible on the new fallen snow. If we take a view of conjugal love, vested in all its native beauties, we must be persuaded that the pleasures of it far surpass a single life, and whatever is delightful in human nature, centres in matrimony. What delight must a well-disposed female take in conversing with the worthy object she has chosen, and under whose protection she has put herself, till death breaks the chain. All the delights of friendship, all the sweets of life, terminate in marriage. The greatest felicity we can desire in this life is contentment. If we aim at any thing higher, we shall be greatly disappointed. A wife must endeavour to attain this essential virtue. It adds all the softnesses and endearments of refined love in this state; without it, her life would be uneasy, her pleasures insipid. Happy and contented within ourselves, casting a pleasing smile on our friends and acquaintance, we shew to the world a breast at peace within itself. To render the married state more happy, the wife ought to make herself as a-

miable in the eyes of the husband as it is in her power; the pains she took to charm him before marriage, ought to be redoubled now; to render his home agreeable to him, to receive him with open arms, and cheerful looks. From the day they left the altar of Hymen, wretchedness or felicity is placed in their own hands. It is at their option to be happy or miserable. They become, from that period, a little world of their own: a society consisting of love, mutually connected with love.

"The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

(*Mirror.*)

ACCOUNT OF A MANIACK.

(*The "Northumberland Argus" contains the following pathetick description of a maniack that lately made her appearance in the western counties of Pennsylvania.*)

One cold stormy day last February, a female stranger made her appearance in the Beach-wood's settlement on the Lackawana. She appeared to be about thirty; tall and delicately formed; but the rose that had once bloomed on her cheek, was withered

by the canker-worm of care; and reason no longer swayed his sceptre over her mind. "They drowned my mother, O how she screams!—there! there! she sinks—help her—help her!"—was the burden of her song. But she would occasionally cast her eyes on the men, and with a wild and fearful look, exclaim, "No! No!—I hate you, you've ruined me—Poor Poll would drown herself, but the water's cold." No entreaties could induce her to take shelter from the storm. But she flew from house to house, a most melancholy picture of sorrow and woe. After having been absent a day or two, she returned with an infant naked on her bosom. "Poor thing," she would cry, when the hospitable cottager begged it of her, "Poor thing, I know you'll starve it." Nature remained true to her duty, although reason had fled from her seat. A tear, the first she had shed, fell and mingled with the snow on its neck—The soul of the little sufferer was just winging its way to a kinder parent, when the unfortunate maniack entered a cottage where the woman had but the week before buried a new born infant. She kindly begged that the child might be put in her arms.—The mother consented, and Mrs. Bucklin, (for that is the name of the humane woman) wiped the snow from its neck, wrapped it in warm flannel and gave it the breast. A gleam of wandering reason seemed to shoot across the mind of the distressed

mother. She was delighted to see her offspring on the breast of its humane nurse, and expressed no wish to take it again, but soon wandered off; declaring she had drowned her child. She passed the village, and it is not known whence she came or whither she has gone. Mrs. Bucklin still keeps the child, and nurses it as her own. Colonel Stanton, of Wayne county, has sent it some clothes, and it has been christened by the name of Polly Snow, expressive of the place of its birth.

The unhappy maniack mentioned in the above article, has, since she left Luzerne, been wandering in this county, and principally in this township. She raves of her mother and her babes having been drowned, but sometimes says she has left one with a good woman who took it from her when she was going to drown it. We have no doubt she is the woman whose tale is so pathetically told by Mr. Minor. Would it not be worthy of the Legislature of Pennsylvania to make provision for restoring to society those afflicted beings, whom misfortune has robbed of the proudest attribute of humanity?

We cannot close this article without noticing the benevolent kindness, the heart cheering goodness with which Mr. Gaskins and family of this township have upon all occasions treated the unfortunate Polly.—"They also shall have their reward."

MODERN OPINIONS ON THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SUN.

THAT glorious luminary which gives light and heat to creation, since the beginning of time has been either the object of religious veneration, or of wonder and delight to the sons of men. The ignorant savage frequently worships the sun as the God of this lower world; the astronomer, from a contemplation of its effects, rises to the source of all; the great mass of mankind, whether Christians, Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans, enjoy his splendour and his warmth, without troubling themselves about the substance of which he is composed.

The rustick, when he saw an astronomer levelling his telescope to the moon, happy in his own ignorance, justly observed, "that whatever might be seen or said of that planet by the learned, they must ever be as far distant from it as he was." Yet let not this be construed as tending to ridicule philosophical inquiries. When pursued under the guidance of good principles, they cannot fail to render men more devout. But the discordant hypotheses which astronomers form on subjects beyond the reach of human intelligence, ought to teach modesty in argument, and diffidence in assertion.

The sun was long supposed to be an immense globe of fire; but Herschel, who has

paid great attention to his spots, considers that luminary as similar to the planets, and not a flaming orb. He calculates some of its mountains to be two hundred leagues in height. According to this astronomer, the atmosphere of the sun is composed of different elastick fluids, some of which are luminous or phosphorick, others simply transparent. The former give the sun the appearance of a mass of light or fire; while the latter being only transparent, suffer his body to be seen—hence the maculæ or spots. This able astronomer, whom royal munificence has naturalized in Britain, farther conceives the sun to be inhabited, as there is reason, from analogy, to suppose all the planets are.

On the other hand, Lelande, the best astromomer of France, thinks that the sun is really a solid mass; but that his surface and part of his body are composed of an incandescent fluid, which, by any movement, leaves uncovered sometimes a portion of his body or his mountains; and these constitute his spots. While professor Wilson considers the spots of this luminary as eruptions or volcanoes.

All these opinions are ingenious; but who shall decide on their truth, or which ought to be adopted in preference to the rest?

TRAITS OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN CHARACTER.

[*From Weld's Travels through North-America.*]

Our friend Nekig, the Little Otter, had been invited to dine with us at the house of a gentleman at Detroit, and he came accordingly, accompanied by his son, a little boy of about nine or ten years of age. After dinner, a variety of fruits were served up, and amongst the rest some peaches, a dish of which was handed to the young Indian. He helped himself to one with becoming propriety; but immediately afterwards he put the fruit to his mouth, and bit a piece out of it. The father eyed him with indignation, and spoke some words to him in a low voice, which I could not understand, but which, on being interpreted by one of the company, proved to be a warm reprimand for his having been so deficient in observation as not to peel his peach, as he saw the person opposite to him had done. The little fellow was extremely ashamed of himself; but he quickly retrieved his errour, by drawing a plate towards him, and peeled the fruit with the greatest neatness.

Some port wine, which he was afterwards helped to, not being by any means agreeable to his palate, the little fellow made a wry face, as a child might naturally do, after drinking it. This called forth another reprimand from the father, who told him, that

he despaired of ever seeing him a great man, or a good warriour, if he appeared then to dislike what his host had kindly helped him to. The boy drank the rest of his wine with seeming pleasure.

The Indians scarcely ever lift their hands against their children; but if they are unmindful of what is said to them, they sometimes throw a little water in their faces, a species of reprimand of which their children have the greatest dread, and which produces an instantaneous good effect. One of the French missionaries tells us of his having seen a girl of an advanced age, so vexed at having some water thrown in her face by her mother, as if she was still a child, that she instantly retired, and put an end to her existence. As long as they remain children, the young Indians are attentive in the extreme to the advice of their parents; but arrived at the age of puberty, and able to provide for themselves, they no longer have any respect for them, and they will follow their own will and pleasure in spite of all their remonstrances, unless, indeed, their parents be of an advanced age. Old age never fails to command their most profound veneration.

No people are possessed of a greater share of natural politeness than the Indians: they will never interrupt you whilst you are speaking; nor, if you have told them any thing which they think to be false, will they blunt-

ly contradict you. "We dare say, brother," they will answer, "that you yourself believe what you tell us to be true; but it appears to us so improbable, that we cannot give our assent to it."

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 3.

Beauties of the Sabbath, continued from Volume 1, p. 162.

THE author, after an appeal to Justice, on the indiscriminate severity of criminal law, which decrees to

—— various crimes of various guilt,
One penalty, the most severe,

contrasts it with the comparative mildness of the Jewish law, which ordained every fiftieth year for a Jubilee.

The trumpet's voice
The sabbath of the jubilee announced.
The freedom-freighted blast, through all the land
At once, in every city, echoing rings.
Free is the bondman now; each one returns
To his inheritance. The man grown old
In servitude, far from his native fields,
Hastes joyous on his way; no hills are steep;
Smooth is each rugged path: His little ones
Sport as they go, while oft the mother chides
The lingering step, lured by the way-side flowers.

He then presents us with a picture of the emigrants in the wilds of America, where Scotia's children

——— in the desert land
Keep holy to the Lord the seventh day.
Assembled under loftiest canopy
Of trees primeval, (soon to be laid low)
They sing, *By Babel's streams we sat and wept.*

Speaking of the predilection usually entertained for one's native country, he says—

What strong mysterious links enchain the heart
To regions where the morn of life was spent!
In foreign lands, though happier be the clime,
Though round our board smile all the friends we love,
The face of nature wears a stranger's look.

The inhabitants of the Highlands, who were driven into exile by the proprietors adopting such agricultural improvements as diminished the quantity of human labour employed in cultivating the soil, are represented as still regretting their native land and the objects with which they had been conversant. The passage which describes the boy born at sea, whether *literally true* or not, is rich in *poetick beauty*:—

The boy, whose birth was midway o'er the main,
A ship his cradle, by the billows rock'd—
"The nursling of the storm"---altho' he claims
No native land, yet does he wistful hear

Of some far distant country, still called home,
Where lambs of whitest fleece sport on the hills,
Where gold-speck'd fishes wanton in the streams;
Where little birds, when snow flakes dim the air,
Light on the floor, and peck the table crumbs,
And with their singing cheer the winter day.

The description of a man on a desart island—his sabbath—and release by a missionary ship, contains many moral sentiments. The sabbath service on board a slave-ship is written with much feeling, and concludes with an appeal to England on the subject of her encouragement of the slave-trade. This is followed by an apostrophe to TELL, and a description of the destruction of Swiss freedom. The Poet then addresses Scotland, and intreats her to beware of the irruptions of invaders; and

——— should the stamp
Of slavery's footstep violate the strand,
Let not the tardy tide efface the mark;
Sweep off the stigma with a sea of blood.

The happiness of seclusion from the noise and bustle of the world forms one of the most pleasing paragraphs in the poem:—

Thrice happy he, who far in Scottish glen
Retir'd, (yet ready at his country's call)
Has left the restless emmet-hill of man!
He never longs to read the saddening tale
Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
The tale of woe; and ere it reaches him,

Rumour, so loud when new, has died away
Into a whisper, on the memory borne
Of casual traveller :—As on the deep,
Far from the sight of land, when all around
Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell
That gently heaves the ship, tells as it rolls,
Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

The remainder of this poem, and the four short pieces which follow it, entitled *Sabbath Walks*, will form the subject of a future paper. E.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

TRASH....N°. 2.

Φλυσω και φλυσω.

THE TOWN ECLOGUE....*A Fragment.*

To welcome nature in her early spring...*Davenant*

See, see, bluff winter quits the town,
And congees with her surly frown:
In her train the beldame carries
All sweet Fashion's gay vagaries;
Her cork soal'd shoes, and bonnet rough,
Her camel shawl and bearskin muff,
Her beaver gloves and fleecy dress,
Red comforter and silk pelice;
And what is worse, the beldame 's stole
Of all our bliss the very soul,
Has stole the concert, play, and ball;
And what is still the worst of all,

Has Cooper stole, and with him fled,
And left us ****** in his stead.

See the town bred Spring advancing,
Friend to grass, and foe to dancing!
See adorn her lovely tresses
Cabbage-sprouts and water-cresses!
While for plume, the hoyden lass
Sports a bunch of sparrow-grass.
See, beneath her market wreath,
She smiles her dandelion teeth;
Whilst with voice as sweet, or sweeter,
As Billings' strains or Sternhold's metre,
With voice which musick cannot ape her,
Like nightingale or Mrs. Draper,
She cheers her pannier'd mare and screams
Her strawberries and fresh string-beans:
Or, whilst her one-wheel'd chariot rattles,
She bawls her epicurean chattels;
Her shelly stores from old Cape Cod,
Her mackerel, lobsters, and tom-cod:
Or, in her awning stalls displays,
Her tempting lures to hungry gaze;
Her luscious stores of fish, fowl, flesh,
Her salmon smok'd and salmon fresh;
Cod's tongues and sounds, and smelt, and eel,
Calves' feet and head, and pluck, and veal—
Far richer flowers than rural spring
From all her scented hoards can bring.
For can the rose's gayest die
With salmon sous'd in beauty vie?

Or can the rose's sweetest smell
Vie with a fresh caught mackerel?
Her rustick coz let others sing,
But let me taste the town bred Spring.

Close by her side see ******* smile,
That critick in dumb-fish and oil,
Who thinks there's heaven in good dinners,
And hell is fill'd with hungry sinners.
Close by her side the glutton stands,
And takes his snuff, and rubs his hands,
With critick nose assays her trash,
And licks his lips and pays the cash.

HORACE, ODE XXII, LIB. I.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque punis.... *Imitated.*

Grac'd with a temper void of affectation,
She who alone her native charms relies on,
Needs not the aid of rouge, ceruse, or carmine,
Mortal with poison;

Whether in the ball room down the dance she wanders,
Or at the concert, where no frozen beaux melt,
Or in the stage box where sly comick Twaits pours
The full tide of laughter.

She at her book, from toilet cares abstracted,
Simply attired, a smart dashing beau saw;
Saw—and tripp'd off—pronouncing her a queer quiz,
Or bore most horrid.

Such a smart tippy fashionable England
Ne'er could produce through all her realms of Bond-street,
Nor dressy France, that nursery of fashion,
Land of petit-maitres.

Place her where never lemonade or silk fan
Cool'd the flush'd partner, wearied in cotillion,
Or where old bachelors, powder'd by time's fi-
seur,
Gloom the horizon—

Place her in massy iron grated nunnery,
Where chaste Diana o'er the frost bit vestals,
Snows with icy rigour, and the pent up virgins,
Freezes to old maids.

Still shall the sweet nymph never fail to charm me,
Who in neat attire with the blush of nature,
Looks interesting when she's sweetly smiling,
Sweetly conversing.

S.

JEHANDER, PRINCE OF AVA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

By Dr. Mavor.

In every clime he that seeks for wisdom will find means to become wise; he who is in love with Virtue, will obtain possession of her charms.

Jehander the son of Kussain, king of Ava, from his earliest years had shown a predilection for learning, and the most inquisitive taste for knowledge. The toys which were liberally supplied to amuse his infant hours, were constantly pulled to pieces, in order to examine their mechanism and structure; the very robe that wrapped his tender limbs was unwove, to ascertain its texture. He questioned his attendants in regard to every phe-

nomenon of nature, and every effort of art; but, in general, their ignorance frustrated his ardent thirst for information, and he was rather indebted for what he acquired, to the resources of his own mind, than to the instruction of others. He longed to burst the fetters which were imposed on his mental and corporeal liberty, and to contemplate the universe free from the trammels of restraint, and to signalize himself in a path which had never been trodden by any native of Ava before.

The genius that presided over his natal hour, saw his glorious ambition, and determined to open the way, unseen, to its gratification. As a preliminary step, till the prince's reason became more mature, he inspired his keepers with an unusual degree of attachment to their amiable charge, and an acquiescence in his laudable endeavours to investigate the mysteries of nature. They granted him as he grew up, a greater latitude of range than any of the royal family had ever been indulged in: they led him round the gardens of the palace, and set before his admiring view every object that could excite and then gratify his curiosity. They brought him from distant fields the most beautiful and the most fragrant flowers, which he dissected, to discover the laws of their organization, and the economy of their growth: they allowed him to pluck others from their native beds, or assisted him to rear them from the tender seed.

Of all pastimes and employments he thought this the most delightful; and he never saw the earth, in the vicinity of the royal residence, covered with its verdant robe, and spangled with a thousand dies, but he expressed his regret at not being able to analyze and name its various productions, and to trace them throughout their remotest haunts.

"Why," would the young Jehander exclaim, "was I born to be confined within the narrow precincts of my paternal palace, and to waste my days in inglorious ease and gloomy ignorance, when Nature spreads her volume for my instruction, and the charms of creation invite me to a more minute survey? The painted tenant of the sky flies as it lists with light wing, from place to place; sometimes tunes its melodious pipe on the trees that shade the sunny gardens of Ava; and, when weary of the objects beneath its view, aims a higher flight, soars beyond the power of man, and alights in other districts that offer fresh variety or delight. It shifts from clime to clime, as the season or fancy recommends; it enjoys every blessing of diversified nature that its limited faculty can taste; while I am cooped up within the narrow bounds of a spot, whose round I have trodden, till repetition becomes irksome; and feel my mind contracted, from the want of opportunities to enlarge it. I am pestered with unmeaning forms, which

teach me nothing I wish to know. My tutors attempt to instil principles into my bosom which violate its uncontaminated perceptions of right and wrong; but no one is either capable or willing to instruct me in what I deem most essential to learn, and most conducive to my felicity to acquire."

Every day the amusements, the pursuits, and the studies of the court became more vapid, and the gloom of discontent sat on the prince's eye, and clouded his usual smile. By this time he had examined every plant, he had surveyed every animal, which his attendants had the means to procure; but he was still dissatisfied with his very partial acquaintance with nature; and the king his father, destitute himself of every idea beyond that of the routine of court parade and voluptuous pleasure, saw with concern the more elevated notions and expanded sentiments of his son, and tried to check their growth, as derogatory to his royal birth.

"Jehander," said he, "when I am called to join my fathers, it will be your lot to sit on the throne of Ava, and to wield the sceptre over a people countless as the stars. Your ancestors, except when called on to head their forces in defence of their realms, or when ambition prompted them to extend their sway, have been content for ages to live within the boundaries of this palace, blest in the pleasures it supplies, and satisfied with the knowledge of governing, indifferent a-

bout knowing more. The peasant studies nature—it lies under his view ; but a prince of Ava ought to study art : for though other acquisitions may possibly furnish a kind of intellectual pleasure to some tastes, what is their utility in the science of oriental sovereign power? Plants and animals may amuse children, but you were born to govern men."

"Sire," replied the prince, "to the author of my existence I owe every degree of respect ; but Heaven fixed the bias of my mind, and I cannot resist its impulses. The Eternal has moulded it in a different form from those of the ancestors you speak of. It pants for knowledge, which hitherto it has not been able to acquire ; but I promise you, that in all my pursuits I shall endeavour to render my attainments subservient to some benevolent or useful end. Surely it is no reflection on him who is destined to govern, to be wiser and better than his subjects: if it is, I must learn to acquiesce in my present contracted knowledge, or rather my palpable ignorance of nature and her works."

The prince retired to his apartment, distracted by the conflict of passions, and vented in private the bitterness of his soul. "A peasant may study nature, but a prince of Ava ought to study art." The sentiment might be politick, but he did not feel it to be just. Night began to draw her curtains round his bed ; but sleep disdained to seal his eyelids.

He became feverish with agitation. He started from his couch, and opened the window. Gales of fragrance recreated his senses; the universal silence that prevailed, revived all his desire for a more unconstrained field of observation. He meditated to elude the vigilance of his guards, and to escape to the regions of nature. He was just ready to spring from the window, when he fell into a swoon. He recovered, and found himself in an unknown place, with heaven for his canopy, and earth for his bed.

Instantly a venerable figure, clad in robes of azure light, appeared before him, and taking him by the hand, with looks ineffably sweet, demanded his attention. "I am the genius," said he "that presides over your destiny: fear not—you are safe under my protection. I admire, and will gratify your taste for natural knowledge. Under my guidance you shall know all that mortals can know. I will display to your enchanted view, every plant that drinks the dew, every living thing that peoples the earth, that wings the sky, or swims in the liquid element. I will open the recondite stores of the universe to your sight; and when you have satisfied your curiosity, I will lodge you in the palace of Ava, nor shall it be known you ever left it."

The prince was ready to expire with wonder and delight. The genius conducted him over every quarter of the globe, and explain-

ed to him the productions of every kingdom of nature, their use and qualities, apparently at leisure, and without confusing his ideas: but what was his astonishment, when he opened his eyes next morning in the identical bed, in the palace of Ava, on which he had laid himself down the evening before!

Jehander now discovered he had been in a trance; but the impression he had received was permanent and complete. On the death of his father which happened not long after, he ascended the throne, and the knowledge he had acquired was immediately applied to promote the happiness and civilization of his people, to encourage trade and manufacture, and to make himself not only adored for his virtues, but respected for his wisdom.

ANECDOTES OF MAHOMETAN JUSTICE.

The venality of the Mahometan cadis or judges is proverbial in all countries; and is so well known among the natives, who are frequently the victims of their exactions and cruelty, that, by way of revenge, the only satisfaction they dare to take, a kind of comedians perform interludes in the coffeehouses, the plot of which generally turns on the dexterous villany of those corrupt ministers of justice. A late writer on Turkey furnishes us with the subsequent anecdotes, which illustrate the old proverb, "that a fool can-

not be a rogue," and that it requires some address to deceive with effect.

An Arab who had hired out his camel to a man to travel to Damascus, complained to a cadi on the road, that he had overloaded his camel; the other bribed the cadi. "What has he loaded it with?" asks the cadi. The Arab answers, "*With cahué (coffee) and mahué;*" *i. e. coffee et cetera* (changing the first letter into *m* makes a kind of gibberish word, which signifies *et cetera*;) "*sugar and mugar, pots and mots, sacks and macks,*" *&c.* going through every article the camel was loaded with. "*He has loaded it twice as much as he ought.*"—"Then," says the cadi, "let him load the cahué, and leave the mahué, the sugar, and leave the mugar, the pots, and leave the mots, the sacks, and leave the macks," and so on to the end of all the articles enumerated; and as the poor Arab had named every article, and only added *et cetera*, according to the Arab custom, without there being any, &c. he took up the same loading as he had before.

A Christan subject of the Turks was carried before a judge at Aleppo, and accused by a sheriff of having one evening in the bazar or market place, knocked off his green turban, the punishment for which would have been capital; and, to increase the danger, the judge himself was a sheriff. The Christian, however, sent secretly, bribed the cadi, and informed him of the truth, which

was, that the sheriff's turban was of so dark a green, that he took it for a dark blue, a colour which a Christian friend of his wore, and for whom mistaking him, in the dusk, he had knocked off his turban in a joke.

The accused was brought before the judge, and the plaintiff attended with a great number of other sheriffs. "Do you come here," said the cadi, "in such numbers to ask justice, or to take it yourselves? Go out, all but those who are witnesses; And you, Christian," addressing himself to the accuser who had been privately pointed out to him, "go you out; I suppose you are a witness for the accused; you shall be called when you are wanted." The plaintiff, on this, exclaimed, that he was not only a Mahometan, but a sheriff, and the accuser himself! "What!" says the cadi, "you a sheriff, and wear a turban of a colour, that I myself, in the day time, took for that of an infidel! how could the poor infidel, in the dark, distinguish it? You ought to wear the holy *grass* green of the Prophet, and not be ashamed of it." Accordingly he acquitted the Christian, and ordered the plaintiff to be bastinadoed for not wearing a proper green turban. This ingenuity, stimulated by a bribe, gave a semblance of justice to his decision, and even the sheriffs did not venture to complain of such a nice expounder of the laws of the Prophet.

THE GOSSAMOUR.

MARIVAUX, the author of a three act comedy called *Love and Truth*, said, on leaving a box where he had sat *incognito* during its representation, which had little effect, "that it was the most tiresome piece he had ever seen, and that he himself was the author of it."

WHEN Voltaire's tragedy of *Alzira* was first performed in 1716, it was reported by many persons that it was not the work of Voltaire. "I hope the report is true," observed a wit. "Why?" asked another. "Because," replied the former, "we shall then have two good poets instead of one."

Weeping Beauty.

FROM morn to night, or griev'd or glad,
Lucilla's looks are always sad;
Her kerchief she with tears is steeping;
Some think the pretty wretch gone mad,
But lately I the reason had——
She looks most beautiful when weeping.

Epitaph.

HERE lies the Devil—ask no other name!
Well—but you mean Lord ——? Hush! we mean the same.

A curious Attempt at the Sublime.

"THE wild rocks raised their lofty summits till they were lost in the clouds, and the vallies lay covered with everlasting snow. Not a tree was to be seen, or a shrub even big enough—*to make a tooth pick.*"

Cook's Voyage.

COL. BODENS, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with a how d'ye? answered, "Pretty well I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, Sir," rejoined the man, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

THE deceased Count Bibb, one night at the cider-cellar, told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral; which induced the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning? Bibb good-humouredly replied, "*Going*, to be sure; for when you *return, I shan't be with you.*" [*Lon. Pap.*]

On Lord —— beautifying the back front of his house....By a Waterman.

ON silver Thames I 've daily row'd,
Some twenty years or thirty,
And still my Lord his backside show'd
Black, yellow, brown, or dirty.

But t' other morn, surprised, I cried,
So white and clean it made is,

This cannot be my Lord's backside,
It surely is my Lady's.

British Martial.

The Chain of Government.

WHEN Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man:
This Moses asserts, and from hence would infer,
That *woman* rules *man*, and the *devil* rules *her*.

Ibid.

Epitaph, intended for the facetious J. Hearty, comedian, who died of a consumption...By a gentleman of the Boston Theatre.

BENEATH these stones
Are laid the bones,
The bowels and the hide—
Good lack!
The flesh, they say,
Had run away
Some time before he died—
Poor Jack!

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE single effort by which we stop short, in the down-hill path to perdition, is, itself, a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.

A GOOD companion is a prize.

Good spirits are often taken for good nature: yet nothing differs more. Insensibility being generally the source of the former—and sensibility of the latter.

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

"The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own."

Great errours are often connected with elevated sentiments: but in order to understand this, we must ourselves possess greatness of soul.

Those who outlive their incomes by splendour, in dress, or equipage, are well said to resemble a *town on fire*—which *shines* by that which *destroys* it.

Flacourt, in his history of the island of Madagascar, gives us a sublime prayer, used by the people *we* call savages. "O Eternal! have mercy upon me, *because* I am passing away:—O Infinite! because I am but a speck:—O Most Mighty! because I am weak:—O Source of Life! because I draw nigh to the grave:—O Omniscient! because I am in darkness:—O All-bounteous! because I am poor:—O All-sufficient! because I am nothing."

THE MINSTREL.

For the Polyanthos.

AN EPISTLE TO MY MUSE:

Or, a Postscript to the Epilogue to the Theatrical Season.

—— iterum, iterumque vocavi....*Virgil.*

They tell me, Muse, that thou and I, sweet rogue,
Have sadly miss'd it in our Epilogue.
Jack Dash pronounc'd it a most horrid bore;
The author 's a mere quiz, Dick Dumpish swore;
And e'en Miss Phebe showed her sex's spite,
And "vowed the thing was vastly impolite."
But what, my Muse, should more surprise create,
Miss Prue declared it so indelicate,
So thick with double vile entendre strown,
It made her blush to read it when alone!
O Delicacy! blushing, timorous maid,
Of substance nought, of shadows oft afraid,
Who can't a sermon read without a qualm,
And find'st a double meaning in a psalm;
And whilst the poet's page thy heart alarms,
With cobweb muslin scarcely veils thy charms;
Pardon, sweet nude, and calm thy prudish flutter,
Just glance thy eyes on thy own tonish tucker:
Let Modesty pronounce, with judgment clear,
Who most offends her eye, or most her ear.

But zounds, what noise distracts my nerves of hearing!
What horrid cursing, damning, sinking, swearing!
It seems as if a thousand Jacks were braying,
Or if ten thousand *****s were huzzaing.

" —— flat, —— low, —— stuff, —— mean
—— froth!
—— —— the poet and the printer both.
O Gad confound the *odus* rhyming *fellur!*
I *hates* him *worser* than the Moor *Urthellur*:
I *promus* him that I despise his drivel—
O he 's the very *emblum* of the *Divel.*"
This chasten'd language surely well explains
From whence proceed these Chesterfieldian strains:
Such brimstone tropes with certainty presage
That school of Virtue, our pure, moral stage.
For lo! the Green Room quakes with wild uproar,
Vindictive furies seize the Thespian Corps;
Melpomene her blood-stained dagger draws,
Prepares her poison'd bowl to drench my jaws;
The shingle dagger, Harlequin, is thine;
Vex'd Thalia dips her comick lash in brine;
And all the play-house gods prepare for fighting,
With sheepskin thunder and bright rosin lightning;
While *****'s voice, like London watchman's rattle,
Or light-horse conch shell, sounds to the corps to battle;
And Atè fierce, in shape of Mrs. ****,
Cries Havock! and lets slip the pups of war.
But say, my Muse, what all this noise provokes,
Why dwells such mighty rage in little folks?
'T is our vile epilogue has caused this fury,
And raised this tumult in our Yankee Drury.
Some are enrag'd, their merits were not rais'd,
And others vex'd that rivals were beprais'd;
Some angry, that their slightest faults were scann'd;
And some d——d mad, because they were not damn'd;

Some blame too liberal, some too scanty praise,
And all provok'd that ****** gain'd the bays;
All, all inflam'd, and all prepared to shed
The Thespian rancour on the poet's head—
Prepared to pour the vengeance of the stage,
With all the impotence of Green Room rage.
Come, come, sweet Muse, let 's close this doughty quarrel!
Go, get thy critick specs, and bunch of laurel.
The Thespian ranks we will again display,
And drum the corps to one more muster-day:
No biting satire shall deform our lays
With bluff contempt or odious sneering praise:
From Flattery's beds we'll cull our rhyming posies,
Perfum'd with with otto, wash'd with milk of roses;
Our errours past we'll mend in this soft sequel,
And sooth their palates with our sweetest treacle.
Like London dolls we'll each gay actress shew,
With rosy cheeks and eyes of glassy blue,
And each pleas'd actor now shall gaily seem
A Christmas window, stuck with evergreen.
And see, my Muse, once more the mimick train,
All eager, panting, emulous of fame;
With sacred love of fame all, all infected—
They'd rather be lampoon'd than be neglected.
And first, my Muse, the dapper *** draws nigh,
The very Harlequin of tragedy;
That merry mourner with his giggling Oh!
That sneering, skipping, tripping type of woe;
That solemn droll, with tragicomick sneer;
That joking Numpo in the robes of Lear.
'T is his, when sorrow should becloud his face,
To vent his anguish in a broad grimace;
When grief should fill the anguish'd sufferer's eye,

To smartly wink a tear or snort a sigh:
And when the poniard strikes the hero's heart,
And the soul struggles from the flesh to part,
Like country bumpkin, (now it 's time to die)
He scrapes his foot and bids the folks Good bye!
In tragick attitude see ***** stand,
With melting eyes and elevated hand;
Some mighty sorrow labouring in her breast,
With frame convuls'd she heaves the burthen'd chest,
While limbs, air, features, all at once express
The scorpion anguish of her deep distress.
But whence proceeds, my Muse, her lengthen'd pause?
When will this statue ope her marble jaws?
For still she stands, in all her tragick pride,
Like tearful Niobe, quite petrified:
Say, what narcotick charm has seiz'd the maid?
Why, don't you see?—*she waits the prompter's aid!*
Now—now she bursts the deep impassion'd pause,
And tortures feeling with her — Hems — and — Ha ——s.
But who is he, that hops upon the boards,
With voice, like mastiff, growling out his words?
Sure Nature's journeymen the fellow made
From mouldy scraps and offals of their trade!
With *twin* pretensions, Muse, he seeks thy praise,
And claims thy comick wreath and tragick bays.
What cobweb hopes vain-glorious folly spins!
I only wish the fellow's legs were twins—
For, while his right leg cuts the Thespian caper,
His left leg stands like idle, calm spectator;
Or steel dividers, while one foot is fast,
The other round and round is nimbly cast;
Or novice actor, when he waits his cue,
Standing unmov'd, as if he'd nought to do.

If both legs move, poor ****** seems to go,
Like begging cripple, with a timber toe;
Or mismatch'd poneys, in a hackney racing,
With near nag trotting and the off one pacing.
But even ******'s praise the Muse shall sing,
When he enacts the Danish player king.
When, through the lips of Hamlet, Shakespeare sage,
With critick rules, corrects the erring stage,
Then ****** shines—his voice and action shew
The blundering actor, whom old Shakespeare drew;
See-saws the air, and swells, and struts, and brags,
And kicks and tears a passion into rags.

Sweet are the smiles which timid maids dispense,
Sweet the coy looks of bashful innocence;
But sweeter far the lovely actress seems,
Who veils with modesty the loosest scenes.
Whether in manly garb compell'd to appear,
Or forc'd to assume the meretricious leer,
Still female sanctity and worth are seen
To claim respect and chasten every scene.
Not so smart ***** meets the publick eye;
She scorns the aid of homespun modesty;
Thinks broad assurance is prodigious merit,
And gives to double meanings all their spirit;
Stares at the pit, and ogles rakes and beaux,
And sports her ankle gay with pick-nick hose;
And boldly says, as plain as looks can say,
"Come, look at—I—and never mind the play!"

Now, angry Muse, assume thy sternest frown,
And drive this worse than tripler from the town.
With those she favours let her seek her lot,
With rake-hell bully and vile dashing sot.
And, Muse, proclaim thy Mede-and-Persian law,
And let the Thespian corps attend with awe—

From time henceforth no player shall succeed
To publick favour, or obtain thy meed,
Who seeks by folly to obtain bare fame,
Or puts the cheek of modesty to shame.

[To be concluded.]

For the Polyanthos.

THE RIDDLE---A NEW SONG.

I am but a baby,
I'm oftentimes told,
A sweet little bantling,
Five thousand years old:
My nectar 's a tear,
My ambrosia's a sob;
I go with a frown,
And I come with a throb.
My sweet little misses, pray don't you all know me?
I am sure, if you did, you would hasten unto me.

I speak with a smile,
And I whisper a sigh,
I lodge in the heart,
And I peep through the eye;
I dwell in a dimple,
I play in the hair,
I rifle the bosom
Whene'er I come there.
My sweet little misses, pray don't you now know me?
I am sure, if you did, you would hasten unto me.

I covet the dark,
Like an owl or a bat;
I rove like a bee
And I sting like a gnat;
I 've wings like an eagle,
And though I am blind,

I 've a a plaguy sharp eye
To spy a girl's mind.
Then say, little misses, pray don't you now know me?
I am sure, if you did, you would hasten unto me.

Desire is my nurse,
And Hope is my mother,
Occasion 's my friend,
And I don't want another.
I live at the sign
Of the arrow and dove,
My nick-name is Friendship,
My true name is Love.
Then now, pretty misses, since all of you know me,
Come make no more fuss, but all hasten unto me.

COLLINA.

For the Polyanthos.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS CHARLOTTE CALDWELL.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Death! Thou fell tyrant of this fleeting hour,
Who from thy unrelenting grasp is free?
At thy chill touch the fairest human flower
Blasts, fades, and withers, like the autumnal tree.

If ought could rescue from thy arm, O Death,
Sure virtues, to no other e'er assign'd,
Had given to Charlotte an immortal breath,
Nor left her friends to wretchedness consign'd.

But know, vain tyrant, that thy arm is weak:
The trump shall sound, and Charlotte shall appear;

Then thou shalt die, while she, with joy replete,
From weeping friends "shall wipe off every tear."

Yes, sweet, lamented maid, we part awhile;
Not death thy form shall utterly destroy;
For that wan frame and thy last languid smile
Shall rise to beauty and immortal joy.

COLLINA.

For the Polyanthos.

THE REELING ROSCIUS...AN EPIGRAM.

Tom Rantum, a buck and a comical dog, [grog,
With his heart full of glee and his head full of
One eve to the play-house, in good sailing trim,
With a swing and a hiccough went reeling ripe in.
Tom collar'd poor P*****, and swore he'd engage
Some devilish high-go to act on the stage.
"Your Bernard 's a quiz, and your Twaits is a hum,
Let me go on the stage, and I'll show the house fun."
The manager, seeing Tom Rantum's gay trim,
With this smooth civil speech thought to humour his whim:
"What characters, sir, will you purpose to act?
I must know what you 'll play before we contract."
Play!—D—me—your question is cursed uncivil!
Play?—hickup—Play?—hickup—Why I 'll play the devil——

S.

THE LAWYER.

Professions will abuse each other:
The priest won't call the lawyer brother;

While Salkeld still beknaves the parson,
And says he *cants* to keep the farce on!
Yet will I readily suppose
They are not truly bitter foes,
But only have their pleasant jokes,
And banter, just like other folks,
As thus; for so they quiz the Law!
Once on a time the attorney Flaw,
A man, to tell you as the fact is,
Of vast chicane, of course of practice,
(But what profession can we trace
Where *some* will not the corps disgrace?
Seduced, perhaps, by roguish client,
Who tempts him to become more pliant,)
A notice had to quit the world—
And from his desk at length was hurl'd!
Observe, I pray, the plain narration:—
'T was in a hot and long vacation,
When time he had, but no assistance,
Though great from courts of law the distance,
To reach the court of Truth and Justice,
(Where I confess my only trust is:)
Though here below the learned pleader
Show'd talents worthy of a leader,
Yet his own fame he must support,
Be sometimes witty with the court,
Or work the passions of a jury
By tender strains, or full of fury,
Misleads them all, though twelve apostles,
While with new law the judge he jostles,
And makes them all give up their powers
To speeches of at least three hours!
But we have left our little man,
And wander'd from our purpos'd plan:—
'T is said, without ill-natur'd leaven,
"If ever lawyers get to heaven,
It surely is by slow degrees:"
Perhaps 't is slow they take their fees!

The case, then, now I'll fairly state;
Flaw reach'd at last to heaven's high gate:
Quite spent, he rapp'd,---none did it neater;
The gate was open'd by St. Peter,
Who look'd astonish'd when he saw,
All black, the little man of law!
But charity was Peter's guide,
For having once himself denied
His Master, he would not o'erpass
The penitent of *any class*;
Yet never having heard there enter'd
A lawyer, nor of one that ventur'd
Within the realms of Peace and Love,
He told him, mildly, to remove—
And would have clos'd the gate of day,
Had not old Flaw in suppliant way,
Demurring to so hard a fate,
Begg'd but to look though through the gate.
St. Peter, rather off his guard,
Unwilling to be thought too hard,
Opens the gate to let him peep in:---
What did the lawyer?---did he creep in;
Or dash at once to take possession?
Oh no---he knew his own profession:
He took his hat off with respect,
And would no gentle means neglect;
But, finding it was all in vain
For him admittance to obtain,
Thought it were best, let come what will,
To gain *an entry* by his skill;
So, while St. Peter stood aside.
To let the door be open'd wide,
He skimm'd his hat with all his strength
Within the gates to no small length!
St. Peter star'd; the Lawyer ask'd him
"Only to fetch his hat,"—and pass'd him;
But when he reach'd the *Jack* he 'd thrown,
Oh, then was all the lawyer shown!

He clapp'd it on; and, arms a-kimbo,
As if he 'd been the gallant Bembo,
Cried out, "What think you of my plan?—
Eject me, Peter, if you can!"

THE HIGH-CROWN'D HAT:

A PINDARICK STORY.

Good pious reader, no offence I hope!
Though a church tale be mine, 'tis not profane;
I scorn to satirize e'en Turk or Pope,
Or saints of Drury or of Warwick Lane.

Once an old woman, (as I've heard the story)
Resolving she'd no more a heathen live,
Would of her piety example give,
So drest herself for church in all her glory.

'T was in the country—Reader, pray mark that—
Where seldom folks disguise their native faces;
Yet the old lady had a high-crown'd hat,
She thought would mightily call forth the graces.

How old might be this venerable relick
The muse not guesses; but thus much can tell,
When Cromwell ruled the roast with cant angelick,
Hats of that sort look'd very well,
Were quite the mode, and since ten times I ween
In London have the tip-top fashion been;
But in the country 't is another thing;
There people wear their clothes to keep them warm,
In russet brown as fine as any king;
Though not quite fashionable, where's the harm?

Yet was this hat of dress a blazing comet,
A prodigy indeed,
Whence did such terrour-darting beams proceed,

That few came near, but prayed deliverance
from it.
Wits have short memories, or I should have said,
That honest Gammer was not deeply read;
In fact, she had not master'd A, B, C,
(Called Alphabet by some, as much to seek
In their own language as in Greek)
Nor held of literary door the key;
Yet, sooth to say,
She just as able was to read as pray.
The church not occupies a rustick's brain,
He goes just to be christen'd, to be wed,
And thither carried by his friends when dead;
At other times he thinks attendance vain,
Nor goes five miles in house of prayer to sleep,
But naps it out at home, or counts his sheep.
And our old lady had not seen the place
Since there the priest threw water in her face;
Nor what to do, when she to church was come,
Knew, she declared, *no more than Pope of Rome!*

Well, Sunday came; and clad in all her best,
Away to church she hied with lofty crest;
But since old age must hobble, and not run,
Ere she got there was Litany begun.
As stately down the aisle she made her way,
Her figure drew full many a staring eye;
And many a gaping mouth forgot to pray,
As she passed by!
Nay, Piety itself would look askance,
To see this strange phenomenon advance.

Alternate with the priest, the pious crowd
With one accord twang'd out responses loud,
Which our old Gammer heard with admiration,
But could not guess what meant this exclamation;
For though some bawled amain, and some but
mutter,d,
"Good Lord, deliver us," was all they utter'd.

At length the devil whisper'd in her ear,
'T was at her high-crown'd hat that all this noise
Was made by men and women, girls and boys,
And was an insult far too gross to bear.
Now did she pass a buxom damsel by,
Who, raising from her book a roguish eye,
Pronounc'd "Good Lord, deliver us," in a tone
The old woman thought might vex a very stone.

Anger betrays us from the paths of grace,
Nor pays respect to persons, time, or place;
So honest Gammer, like with rage to burst,
Exclaims, "Indeed! your impudence be curst;
Good Lord, deliver us! heigh? you giggling w——e,
Did you ne'er see a high-crown'd hat before!"

Say, reader, art thou apt to take offence,
Quarrel and squabble on each slight pretence;
Fretful and jealous, thinking every tongue,
Which names thee not, yet means to do thee wrong?
Look at thyself—If so, my story's pat,
Thou 'rt the old woman in the high-crown'd hat. [*Lon. Oracle.*]

THE CHOICE.

MIRANDA, fair as opening day,
With eyes of heavenly blue,
And lips as sweet as new mown hay,
One morn tripp'd o'er the dew;
Her steps towards the garden bent,
To view her fragrant flowers,
For thither led by young Content,
She 'd pass some happy hours.

That morn a beau was by her side,
Who sought her heart to move;

But she, of innocence the pride,
Had never thought of love.
To mark the beauties, Nature's claim,
Was all her wish and care;
And thus, to turn his amorous flame,
She spoke with sprightly air:

"Come! tell me whether you admire
These charming flowers so gay;
And which of them you 'd most desire,
Roses or *tulips*, pray?"
"Your *roses*, Ma'am," the beau replied,
"Are charming to my eyes;
But then—" poor Amoroso sigh'd—
"Your *two-lips* most I prize!"

THE DRAMA.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL.

From the *Theatrical Recorder*, a work of great merit, published by T. Holcroft, London, we select the following paragraphs:

A riot that threatened serious consequences happened at the Haymarket Theatre on the evening of August 15. Among the pieces advertised by Mr. Dowton, for his benefit, was The Tailors; or, A Tragedy for Warm Weather: a piece, written as some say by Foote, others say not, and at which the body of men, who suppose themselves ridiculed in it, have continually taken offence and been repeatedly riotous.

Previous to opening the doors, they assembled to the number of seven hundred, as it is said, and dispersed themselves chiefly

in the gallery, or the pit; the journeymen above, and the masters below. Such was the noise they made, that, not a syllable could be heard till nine o'clock. Messrs. Palmer and Elliston, who appeared to ask what was their pleasure, were hissed off. Mr. Dowton then came and assured the audience the Tailors should be withdrawn, and the Village Lawyer performed in its stead, while written bills were distributed in every part of the house to the same purport, so that this information was given both within doors and without. All was in vain.

Mr Dowton appeared once more, and a penknife was thrown at him, from the galleries: it is to be hoped it was not open, for such an act would be too atrocious! it exceeds belief! He offered, however, a reward of twenty pounds to those who should apprehend the offender. Constables were called in, and, under the authority of Mr. Graham, magistrate and manager of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, several of the rioters were secured. Their spirits were daunted by the arrival of a detachment of horse-guards, and it is said fifty of them were conveyed away in coaches. The passages to the theatre were impeded, till the constables and guards received their orders.

During the performance of Katherine and Petruchio, the audience frequently called for The Tailors, and were assured that it should be given, provided the scene between the Tailor and Petruchio did not create fresh

disturbance. At length the piece in contention was attempted, but when the curtain drew up the confusion again became extreme: loud vociferations, whistles and yells were heard and the strongest opposition became manifest. The constables were however so judiciously stationed, that about twenty other persons were taken into custody, and peace in a measure restored. Happily there were no accidents.

Without in the least examining the question, whether it be liberal or allowable to ridicule a body of men, it is obvious that by applying the ridicule to themselves they give it tenfold force. Beside, supposing it all to be wrong, one wrong action will not justify another; much less could a wrong of a trifling, and even of a laughable nature, afford the least excuse for mischief, so serious as that which is likely to result, where not only the civil force but the military are called in for publick safety. These men were surely not aware of the dreadful evils which they provoked.

The particulars of the above account were extracted from the Morning Chronicle, the editor not having been himself at the theatre. Further information was contained in the same paper the next day: it was not a penknife, but a pair of scissars and a thimble, that were thrown at Mr. Dowton. A tailor throwing his thimble to revenge himself is highly ludicrous.

Threatening letters had been sent to Mr. Winston, a proprietor of the theatre, asserting that 17,000 tailors would assemble, and ten thousand more be held in readiness. One of these letters was signed *Death*. Several others also were sent to Mr. Dowton; some of them anonymous, and some with signatures. A man, named Riley, brought his letter himself, and uttered many threats, with insolent language.

Miss Fisher, the celebrated *Roscia*, is performing at Gloucester, who, if we may believe the Gloucester *Herald*, as much exceeds Master Betty as Master Betty does Garrick —*Probably so.*

Miss Fisher, the young Roscia, appeared at Gloucester, in the character of Richard III. where her performance, it is said, "drew down the most unbounded plaudits from a very crowded audience." The versatility of this young female's talents is represented to be such as to *surpass* the bounds of probability, and to approach *very near the verge of impossibility!!* The part of Cowslip, which she sustained in the farce on the above evening, with the greatest *eclat*, she is stated "never to have seen till three o'clock that afternoon, and the publick may rely on the fact, that it was learned, without assistance, during her ride from Cheltenham to Gloucester."

[*Chester Chronicle.*]

Masquerade. An English masquerade may perhaps be described in some such manner as a horse race. The latter we are told con-

sists simply in *There they go*, and *Here they come*; and the former, as to its wit, is principally composed of *I know you!—Do you know me?—Ha! ha! ha!* The masquerade given at the king's theatre on the 13th Feb. was of course not wanting in this distinguishing quality of *British liveliness* and *gaite de cœur*. John Bull, more renowned however for putting good things into his mouth than for letting them out, *at a short notice*, made up for his inertness in the last by his keen activity in the first, when, at the usual hour, a plenteous supper afforded a fair field for the exercise of his peculiar talent, and the gratification of his peculiar *taste*. [*Mirror.*]

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Cooper has been performing his principal characters at Norfolk.

The season at New-York is about closing. Mr. Twaits has for some time been so afflicted with asthmatick complaints, as to be unable to rest on a bed. Master Barret has appeared twice in the character of Young Norval.

The Providence theatre, under the management of Mr. Harper, will be opened in a short time.

The Boston company have not found their excursion to Portsmouth very profitable.

Mr. Rannie, the ventriloquist, of slight-of-hand memory, is manager of the *American Theatre* at New-Orleans!

LITERARY NOTICES.

Original Poems, by Thomas G. Fessenden.—He must be "a very grave man," who would not laugh "sans intermission an hour by the dial," at Mr. Fessenden's Jonathans and Tabithas, his Pepper-pots and Squibs, his Rustick Revels and Delicate Ditties. Nor will the more serious reader be disappointed in perusing this volume: It contains some pieces, which show that the author is willing sometimes to gratify the man of sober reflection as well as the lovers of *fun*.—For sale by W. Andrews, No. 1 Cornhill.

Aikin's Letters.—It was our intention to have given this month a review of Aikin's Letters, with some extracts from the work on the characters and writings of the English poets. On looking it over in order to mark some passages for transcription, we find that an analysis of the work cannot be given without transcribing more than the limits of the Polyanthos will admit. We therefore dismiss the subject, after recommending it once more to our youthful friends, as a work, the attentive perusal of which cannot fail to afford a *dollar's worth* of amusement and instruction.—For sale at the Boston Bookstores, and by Thomas & Whipple, Newburyport.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel, a Poem, by Walter Scott, Esq.; another *dollar's worth* of amusement, may be had at the Bookstore of John West, No 75 Cornhill. "This poem is intended to illustrate the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland. The story is put into the mouth of an ancient Minstrel supposed to be the last of the race. The date of the tale itself is about the middle of the fifteenth century, when most of the personages actually flourished."

The Sabbath, a Poem, by James Grahame, has been lately published, and is for sale by O. C. Greenleaf, Court-Street.

We learn with pleasure that the dramatick works of Mr. Dunlap are nearly ready for delivery. In a cause so interesting to American literature and to the American stage, it is to be hoped patronage will not slumber. If foreign plays are printed, sold, and reprinted in America, where is patriotism, that the exertions of native genius are discountenanced and discouraged? Where sleeps the publick spirit, which gives the literature of its country to lumber the shelves of the bookseller? And why is native genius allowed to waste itself in obscurity, when editions of foreign publications are multiplied in our cities? 'From the situation of Mr. Dunlap,' says the elegant editor of the Port Folio, 'as a man of letters, a man of misfortunes, and one of the earliest votaries of the dramatick muse in America, his works not only solicit, but deserve, the regard of all, who value themselves upon their zeal for the productions of domestic literature.'

[*Thespian Mirror.*]

EDITOR'S NOTES.

We must decline the favours of *Solon*, as we have seen the same essays, in a much better form, in a work edited by Dr. Mavor.

Psyche, *the lass of Briar Hill*, we hope will not neglect us another month.

Collina is requested to continue her contributions to our miscellany.

We have not complied with the request of *Thomas Townly*—we have neither published his verses, nor committed them to the flames; but keep them for a present to *My Lord Dexter*, to be inserted in the next edition of his "Pickle for the knowing ones."

6. 21 C

S. Harris Sc

GEN. WAYNE.